

# THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER

AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

VOLUME II.

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as a candidate for office, the sum of one dollar  
will be required—to be paid in advance.  
All communications, to ensure attention, must  
be post paid.

**JOB WORK**  
Of every description, executed in the neatest  
manner, at the usual prices.  
OTPAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle  
county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river  
with the Illinois, 290 miles by water from Saint  
Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria.

**Agents for the Free Trader.**  
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DR. G. SMITH, Georgetown, " "

**ONE FRIEND**  
O, let me know there is but one,  
One friendly heart to sympathize,  
And makes my cares its own,  
And bid my drooping spirits rise—  
To speak when others are unkind,  
In melting tones of tenderness,  
And round the stricken soul to bind  
The cords of love, to heal and bless—  
O, let me know but this, and I  
Shall joyful pass the vale of tears,  
See light beyond each frowning sky,  
Dispelling doubts and gloomy fears.

**THE SOUL.**  
The soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, free from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day!  
The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die.

**FOR THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER.**  
**STARVED ROCK.**

From the summit of this picturesque  
and gloomy height I gazed upon the set-  
ting sun, as his last rays of soft and mel-  
low light fell upon the rich and beautiful  
prairie. The smiling flowers exhaled  
their fragrant odor, offering sweet incense  
to the retiring monarch of the skies. The  
tranquil Illinois rolled majestically along  
beneath the wild and towering bluff, gen-  
tly winding among the green and lovely  
islands, reflecting from its bright bosom  
the crimson folds of the floating clouds.  
The bright spirits of the sky gleamed  
forth and lit upon the blue vault of hea-  
ven, and, like guardian angels, resumed  
their nightly watch, whilst nature took  
her repose.

My heart swelled with rapture at be-  
holding the grandeur of this sublime and  
enchanted scene. But, when I recollected  
that this place of such charming beau-  
ty, had once been the theatre of the most  
ravage cruelty, I could but grieve to think  
that man should mar the noblest of na-  
ture's works, by his deeds of blood and  
carnage; that, whilst surrounding nature  
smiles with angelic sweetness, man should  
become a victim to his own fierce and  
fiendish passions.

I was aroused from my meditations by  
the sound of some one approaching, and,  
on turning around, I beheld the aged form  
of a venerable aborigine slowly ascending  
the narrow defile that leads to the summit  
of the rock. His whitened locks, his  
wrinkled brow, and his withered form  
showed that death had been unconscious  
of his existence, or he would long since  
have claimed his right.

Being concealed by a cluster of ever-  
greens, I remained in silence, to learn the  
object of the old Indian's visit. After  
gaining the height with some difficulty,  
he approached the centre of the rock,  
where a small mound rises over the re-  
mains of the slaughtered tribe who perished  
during that memorable siege, and, kneel-  
ing down, with his face towards the east,  
he commenced chanting a mournful dirge,  
that echoed, like a death knell, from the  
glen below. As he rose and marched  
about the mound, he continued raising his  
voice from the plaintive to the wild and  
shrill, until the surrounding grove seemed  
alive with savage warriors. After he had  
performed this ceremony, he erected a  
white flag over the mound, in accordance  
with their custom, to show the Great  
Spirit where he may find his warriors  
when he makes the great hunt.

Becoming satisfied, from his requiem

over their graves, that he belonged to that  
tribe that had perished here, I resolved to  
approach him and learn, if possible, the  
history of that unhappy event.

"Tell me," said I, "venerable abori-  
gine, did you belong to that unhappy tribe  
who perished here?"

"Alas! young man," he said, "I am  
the only remnant of the once powerful Illi-  
ni. Here, upon this lonely rock, I saw  
those brave warriors perish one by one.  
As the forest leaves fall before the rude  
blast of autumn, so fell our noble braves  
before the wrath of an implacable enemy.  
After famine had destroyed the most of  
our numbers, and finding longer residence  
would be in vain, I resolved to make my  
escape, if possible.

"After dark I tore up my blanket, and,  
making a rope, I tied it to a shrub and  
lowered myself to the water, unperceived  
by my enemies. I discovered a canoe lying  
near me, and, silently unfastening it,  
I quietly flowed down the river. As I  
turned to take a last farewell of this un-  
happy place, I beheld, by a light that  
gleamed from the height, that the enemy  
had ascended the bluff. Soon the wild,  
demoniac yell of victory, mingled with  
the suffering cries of the victims, rang  
through the air. I could see them but-  
chering and torturing the small remainder  
of my tribe, who were unable to offer  
any resistance. Fearful of being discover-  
ed, I fled my way and made my escape,  
and have since lived beyond the Mis-  
sissippi, until I found death approach-  
ing, I resolved to return and lay myself  
with the rest of my tribe."

"What was the cause of that unhappy  
quarrel?" I asked.  
"Listen," said he, "and you shall hear."  
In substance he related the following:  
"Our tribe, the once mighty Illini, sent  
our young chief, Onojeda, with a chosen  
band of warriors, to a great council held  
beyond the Mississippi, for the purpose  
of perfecting a league against the Ottawas  
and Pottawattamies. But it failed of suc-  
cess, and Onojeda started to return. On  
his way he passed by the encampment of  
the Ottawas, who were then upon a hunt-  
ing excursion and had left their camp in  
the care of the squaws. They had se-  
lected one of the most beautiful sites upon  
Rock River. Upon the one side extend-  
ed the rich and undulating prairie, and  
enamelled with flowers of the brightest  
hue; upon the other rolled the beautiful  
river, bearing on its tribute to the great  
father of waters; and, in the distance,  
stretched a dark line of forest until it  
seemed to blend with the horizon.

"Wild Thunder, the Ottawa chief, had  
a daughter whose beauty was as famed as  
the bravery of her warlike sire. Often  
had the neighboring chiefs attempted to  
gain her hand, and as often were they re-  
pulsed by her ambitious father.

"As Onojeda rode along the brow of the  
bluff toward the camp, he beheld the ce-  
lebrated beauty, the lovely Tahmaroo,  
joyfully tripping along and merrily sing-  
ing a wild native air, as she gathered the  
gay flowers, appearing more like some fa-  
vored beauty of the gods, who had chosen  
the prairie for her paradise, than like the  
daughter of an Indian chieftain. When  
he gazed upon her light and slender form,  
her long raven tresses, her dark rolling  
eye, and her graceful movements, his soul  
became fired with the wild excitement of  
love. His heart beat quick, his temples  
throbbled, and his brain was fevered as he  
gazed in silent admiration. Bold, daring,  
and intrepid as he was, his firmness de-  
serted him, and he became a slave to his  
ungovernable passion. Resolving to pos-  
sess the object of his adoration at all haz-  
ards, knowing full well that his only  
chance to do this would be to seize her in  
the absence of her father and make a rapid  
flight. He laid his scheme immedi-  
ately.

"To plan was to execute, with Onojeda.  
As the eagle pounces upon his prey,  
with his characteristic rashness, he seized  
the young and timid Tahmaroo, and, plac-  
ing her before him upon his wild steed,  
he fled like the wind across the prairie.

"When Wild-Thunder returned, and  
found his only daughter, the pride of his  
heart, the gentle fawn he so dearly loved,  
had been stolen and carried away by a  
hostile chief, like a tigress robbed of her  
whelps, he became frantic with rage. His  
wrath knew no bounds. His clouded  
brow, the piercing flashes of his dark and  
fiery eye, showed the wild and malignant  
passions that were harrowing up his soul.  
As he breathed forth vengeance, torture,  
and extermination against the Illini, his  
fiercest warriors quailed, so dreadful was  
his curse. He called his braves and fol-  
lowed immediately in pursuit, and, like  
bloodhounds on the scent, they came  
bounding over the prairie on our trail.

"We were encamped upon a high point  
that overlooked the valley of the Fox.  
When we were apprized, by one of our  
runners, of the hot pursuit of the Ottawas,  
we immediately commenced a rapid march

down the river, in hopes of evading our  
enemies and crossing the Mississippi,  
for their overpowering numbers rendered  
it impossible for us to resist them. But,  
when we had got one day's march below  
the mouth of the Fox, we met a large  
force of the Pottawattamies, who were  
leagueed with our enemies, and we were  
forced to make a rapid retreat. As we  
came up the valley we beheld the Otta-  
was stationed upon Buffalo Rock. Our  
only chance now was to ford the Illinois  
and fly south.

"Here, again, we found our retreat cut  
off; for the crafty chief had sent a part of  
his warriors across the Illinois at the  
mouth of the Fox, who had marched down  
and were guarding that side of the river.  
Finding all retreat cut off, we resolved to  
gain one of the islands in the river and  
fortify ourselves in the best way we could.  
As we were descending the bluff, we came  
in sight of this point. Its isolated posi-  
tion, bold sides, and towering height at  
once pointed it out as a safe and commodi-  
ous retreat. Here we ascended, and so  
rejoiced were we at our escape, that we  
forgot, danced, and sang in the most  
extravagant manner. But our fond hopes  
of safety were soon turned into despair.  
When we beheld our watchful enemies  
march to the foot of the rock, deliberately  
encamping, and prepare for a siege, the dead-  
ly truth at once flashed upon us. The  
narrow pass from the rock was guarded;  
all retreat was cut off; we were deprived  
of all means of procuring food; and no-  
thing but a slow, lingering, painful death  
now awaited us. Maddened by despair,  
Onojeda made a desperate sally during a  
dark and tempestuous night. Our noble  
warriors fought like wild panthers: they  
scattered death and destruction among the  
Ottawas. But, when they were gaining  
some advantage, other detachments from  
the Pottawattamies came pouring down  
the bluff in such immense numbers, that  
Onojeda ordered his men to retire up the  
narrow defile of the rock, himself coming  
last, bearing back the fierce assaults and  
cavalry covering their retreat.

"On the following morning, when the  
gentle Tahmaroo beheld the bleeding  
wounds of Onojeda, his sad and dejected  
countenance, as he sat alone brooding over  
his misfortune, she began to betray emo-  
tions of sympathy; and, when she thought  
of his daring bravery, the danger he had  
encountered, and his painful sufferings,  
and felt the conviction that all this was in  
consequence of the warm and ardent love  
he had for herself, she felt a new and  
strange emotion. A strong and devoted  
attachment for Onojeda began to take  
possession of her soul. She began to think  
of nothing but his wounds, his sufferings,  
and how she might provide for his safety.  
With the characteristic quickness of her  
sex in an emergency, she immediately ar-  
ranged a plan by which she thought to  
effect a mutual accommodation. Select-  
ing one of the finest young braves, she  
gave him the calumet and a rich belt of  
wampum, that had belonged to her moth-  
er, and directed him to descend to the  
camp, and offer the pipe of peace, and  
present to her father the wampum belt, as  
a peace offering from his daughter, and  
implore him, by the memory of her moth-  
er, by the love he bore his daughter, and  
by the ties of humanity, to cease his re-  
lentless persecution.

"With painful anxiety we watched our  
young brave's approach to the enemy's  
camp. But a cold, horrid shudder ran  
through every frame, as we beheld Wild-  
Thunder seize and throw him into a large  
fire, and, knocking him back with his war-  
club as often as he attempted to escape,  
kept him there until he had roasted him  
alive.

"As the lovely morning is darkened by  
the black clouds of an approaching storm,  
so were the beautiful features of the gen-  
tle Tahmaroo overshadowed as her affec-  
tion for her father was changed into deep  
abhorrence, by this fiendish cruelty.

"The last ray of hope now vanished,  
and death revelled madly amongst us.  
The misery that our unhappy tribe suffer-  
ed was truly appalling. Mothers were  
unable to give nourishment to their dying  
infants; the stern warrior, whose eye a  
tear had never moistened, whose arm the  
fear of death had never unnerved, sat  
weeping over his dying wife; and the old  
warriors, who had often led our young  
braves to victory, sat in stercor silence, with  
their blankets drawn over their faces,  
struggling with death, with a brave deter-  
mination to betray no signs of fear.

"With a sad heart and a mournful coun-  
tenance, Tahmaroo led the feeble Onojeda  
to a projecting point of the rock that  
overhung the river and overlooked her fa-  
ther's camp. In a prophetic and solemn  
tone, she called upon Wild-Thunder to  
listen to a daughter's curse. 'Behold the  
wrath of the Great Spirit,' said she, point-  
ing to the heavens that were lit up with a  
crimson hue. 'Unnatural father! cursed  
be your tribe, and doubly cursed be you,

whose heart knows no pity! Friendless  
and childless may you die! Dejected and  
deserted may you starve upon the lone  
prairie! May the wild wolves feed upon  
your murderous carcass! May the Great  
Spirit chain your soul upon a barren rock,  
where you can never taste food or drink!  
Onojeda, we will go to the beautiful prair-  
ies and live in our happy hunting grounds  
where our cruel enemies shall never come.'

"As she spoke this she clasped her  
arms around him, and, with a sudden  
spring, leaped from the dizzy height. A  
frightful scream, a heavy plunge in the  
dark abyss below, and all was silent as  
death. The waves were the winding  
sheet and the beautiful Illinois the tomb  
of the brave and noble Onojeda and the  
lovely and heroic Tahmaroo."

Ottawa, Dec. 25, 1841. ALMA.

**A Decided Effort.**

The play of the evening was "Tom  
and Jerry," and the semi-star of the  
night who was "in for" Tom, was some-  
what celebrated in "fancy" circles, as a  
regular graduate of the academy, and a  
finished student of the science." He  
was acknowledged to be fond of displaying  
his accomplishment on the stage, at the  
expense of, and without the slightest re-  
gard to the feelings of any performer  
whose duty it became to assist him in  
this part of the business. On the occa-  
sion of which we speak, every man of  
the company refused to stand before Tom  
in a "set-to," knowing his remarkable skill  
and ungenerous manner of using it. The  
consequence was, that the manager was  
obliged to call up a sturdy Irish door-  
keeper, named Peter, telling him—

"Peter, I want you to go on the stage  
to night, in Tom and Jerry, to fight Mr.  
who plays Tom."

"Tight him, sir!"

"Yes; the prompter will tell you at  
what moment to go on the stage, and then  
all you have to do is to stand up like a  
man, and fight your best."

"O, truth I'll do that! Am I to hurt  
the gentleman, sir?"

"Just fight away for a few moments,  
as well as you know how, and that's all  
I want of you," said the manager.

"O, very well," said Peter.

"You can fight—can't you, Peter?"

"Be me sowl! let any gentleman that  
doubts it stand afore me, and I'll soon  
relieve him of all further scruples touchin'  
that same!"

"Very well, Peter; that's all. Just  
stand up to Mr. — as long as he  
wants you; he'll not hurt you."

"I'll be bound he'll not, sir."

Peter was a fellow of about hereinaf-  
ter formation, and carried in his expan-  
sive chest the heart of a lion. At a nod  
from the prompter he walked on the stage,  
and pulling off his hat to Tom, said, very  
humbly and respectfully—

"Here I am, sir; my master has sent  
me to you, and I am at your service to  
fight you."

Tom had his joke confidentially with  
the audience about Paddy, and the set-to  
commenced.

Peter, after a few passes, caught a tap  
on the cheek that he seemed to think de-  
manded an immediate acknowledgment;  
and flashing off at once into a regular Il-  
luminated star of the night a most decided  
and unequivocal beating. Tom had to  
feel his way through the rest of the piece,  
with his eyes banded up; and at his  
complaint the next day Peter was dis-  
charged.

"What's the matter, Peter?" said one  
of the actors, meeting him.

"Froth! I can't tell, sir. I was sent  
to beat Mr. —, and I did beat him  
as well as I knew how. Sure I did not  
want to kill the man, and he persecuted  
for bloody murder! I was told to fight  
him, sir, and I did till I beat him within  
an inch of his life. I'll wager the master  
could not find a man in the country round  
to bate the gentleman quicker or better;  
and yet here I am, sir! By St. Patrick!  
I'm discharged!"

Poor Peter knew but one way to fight,  
and he could never understand why he  
should be discharged for obeying instruc-  
tions to the letter.—N. O. Fingone.

**Temptation.**

Mark the character of every associate;  
look into it with a penetrating eye, and if  
you see the equilibrium of his mind be-  
ginning to fall on the side of immorality  
and vice, forsake his company instantly,  
lest you be assimilated into his practices,  
and be drawn imperceptibly into those  
paths which you now detest and shun.  
Yield but once to the tempter, and a  
thousand chances to one that you are  
undone. The principles that have been  
inducted in childhood, and followed up  
day by day, and year by year, will be  
forsaken, and the gay hairs of those who  
have loved and cherished you, will be  
brought in sorrow to the grave. Per-

haps you think the language of those  
who address you is too strong—that their  
fears are groundless. Can it be? An  
Angel's eloquence could not be too pow-  
erful, when such a gem as the immortal  
mind is at stake. Were you trembling  
on the verge of a crumbling precipice,  
you might well say, that strong exertions  
in your behalf were vain and futile. It  
is not your body alone that is in jeopardy.  
It is in the unseen principle within; the  
spark lit up by the Deity himself, which  
the Atlantic cannot quench, nor the Alps  
conceal. They consider no exertions  
too great on their part to save the gem  
untarnished—as immaculate and bright  
as when it came from its Creator; that  
when it bursts away from its frail casket  
it may wing its way to holier worlds to  
shine with increasing splendor when the  
universe is blotted from existence. We  
appeal to you, young men, and ponder  
the question well, can you be too careful  
of entering into temptation? Turn away  
with disgust from the appearance of evil.  
Parley not with it. Look from it, and  
you will be safe; and many hearts will  
be gladdened to see you come forth into  
active life, purified by adherence to the  
advice of those in whom you should put  
implicit confidence.

From the Cincinnati Family Magazine.

**Constitution and Guerriere.**

We find the following characteristic  
anecdote of the capture of the Guerriere,  
in the Springfield Republican. The cor-  
respondent says he gives it as he heard it  
in the circles of Virginia, and believes  
it has not before appeared in print.  
A short time previous to her capture  
by the Constitution, the Guerriere had  
fallen in with, and taken a French prize.  
Among the passengers transferred to the  
deck of the Guerriere, was a French gen-  
tleman charged with despatches to the  
American government, who, on present-  
ing himself to the British commander,  
was dispossessed of his books and papers  
and peremptorily ordered to go below.

Overwhelmed with this sudden and  
unexpected termination of his mission,  
the gentleman passed several days in  
great distress and agony of mind, which  
was not a little heightened by the laugh-  
ing bearing and insolence of his victor.  
Once or twice, addressing him with his  
blandest manner and best English, he  
said:—

"Captain Daere, I thank you, sir, for  
my government despatch and my law-  
books."

"Go below!" you frog-eating, swallow-  
faced wretch!" was the only reply of  
the proud Briton.

One long, however, a sail was descried  
on the edge of the distant horizon. Her  
gradually increasing size gave token that  
she approached—and, as she neared to  
view, the tapering spars and the graceful  
trim of the Yankee were seen.

Captain Daere, with glass in hand, had  
observed her from a mere speck, and as  
soon as he was satisfied that she was  
American gave vent to the wildest ex-  
pression of joy. He paced the deck  
with exulting step—swore he would take  
that ship in fifteen minutes—and to crown  
his anticipated triumph, directed that a  
hoghead of molasses be hoisted upon  
deck, to treat the d-d Yankees.

Our Frenchman, who was meanwhile  
a silent though not an uninterested ob-  
server of what was passing before him,  
again put on his most winning smiles,  
and remarked:—

"Captain Daere, sir, will your per-  
mission I stay upon deck and see do  
fight?"

"Go to the devil," responded the vain  
and self-conceited boaster—now busied in  
preparations for a bold and brilliant  
achievement.

Our hero was soon singly ensconced  
among the rigging; and the two vessels  
continued gradually and silently to ap-  
proach each other. The Constitution  
having now got within reach of the en-  
emy's long guns, the scene that followed  
is thus described by the lively French-  
man:—

"Captain Daere, he said dis way, and  
den he said dat way, and den he go—  
boom!"

"Do Yankee man, he say nothing—  
but still keep comin'."

"Again Captain Daere said dis way,  
and den he said dat way, and again he  
go—boom!"

"Enfin, de Yankee man go pop, pop,  
pop, pop, pop, pop!"

"I say to Captain Daere—Sare, wil  
be?"

"Strange as it may appear, this order was  
actually obeyed. And at almost the first shot  
the Constitution struck the hoghead; its con-  
tents spreading over the deck, and doubt,  
to the Guerriere's defeat.

It is proper to state, that after the broadside,  
the action for the part of the Constitution was  
continued by one gun at a time—but in such ra-  
pid succession, that the captain of the Guerriere  
believed her to be on fire; and in consequence  
ordered a momentary suspension of operations.

your permission I go below—'tis too hot  
here."

He went below; and the action con-  
tinued.

When the firing ceased, our little  
Frenchman, peeping up the hatchway,  
espied "one officer-like man, and Captain  
Daere handing his sword." The truth  
flushed upon him in an instant. He  
rushed upon deck; and finding himself  
again at liberty, he capered about like one  
"possessed." Finally advancing to the  
now mute and fallen Daere, he said, with  
an air which defies our humble pen:—  
"You tell me, sare, you take dis ship  
in fifteen minute, by gar, he take  
you!"

"None, sare," he added, with a low  
and bitter emphasis, "I thank you for my  
government despatch and law-books."

**Western Eloquence.**

The following sublime effort of a young and,  
we suspect, rather green disciple of Blackstone  
appears in a Western paper:

**Gentlemen of the Jury:**—Can you  
for an instant suppose that my client  
here, a man what has allers sustained a  
high depreddation in society, a man you  
all on you suspect and esteem for his  
many good quantities: yes, gentlemen,  
a man what *never* drinks more nor a  
quart of hicker a day; can you, I say,  
for an instant, suppose that this ere man  
would be guilty of hookin' a box of per-  
cushum caps? Rattle-snakes and coon  
skins forbid! Pictur to yourselves, gen-  
tlemen, a feller fast asleep in his log  
cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan  
children by his side—all nature hushed  
in deep repose, and nought to be heard  
but the muttering of the silent thunder  
and the hollering of the bull frogs; then  
imagine to yourselves a feller sneaking  
up to the door like a despicable hyena,  
softly entering the dwelling of the peace-  
ful and happy family, and, in the most  
mendacious and destardly manner, hook-  
ing a whole box of percushum!—Gen-  
tlemen, I will not, I cannot, dwell upon  
the monstrosity of such a scene! My  
feelings turn from such a pictur of moral  
turpentine, like a big wood-chuck would  
turn from my dog Rose! I cannot for  
an instant harbor the idea that *any* man  
in these diggins, much less *this* ere man,  
could be guilty of committing an act of  
such rantaunkous and unextrampled dis-  
cretion.

And now, gentlemen, after this ere  
brief view of the case, let me retreat of  
you to make up your minds candidly and  
unpartially, and give us such a verdict  
as we might reasonably suspect from  
such an indignant and intolerant body  
of our feller citizens—remembering that  
in the language of Nimrod, who fell in  
the battle of Bunker Hill, it is better that  
ten innocent men should escape, rather  
than that one guilty should suffer.  
Judge, give us a chew of tobacco.

**Grace after Meat.**—One day at the  
table of the late Dr. Pease, dean of Ely,  
just as the cloth was being removed,  
the subject of discourse happened to be that  
of an extraordinary mortality among law-  
yers.

"We have lost," said a gentleman,  
"not less than six eminent barristers in  
as many months." The dean, who was  
quite deaf, rose, as his friend finished his  
remarks, and gave the company grace.  
"For this, and every other mercy, the  
Lord's name be praised!"

**Hints for the Ladies.**—John Neal tells  
the ladies that a man who loves tea, is  
sober, kind-hearted, intelligent, domestic,  
and just the man for a husband.

N. B. We drink tea, strong and oft-  
en.—N. Y. Dollar Weekly.

**Taking Physic.**—"Please, sir, I  
don't think Mr. Dozem takes his physic  
reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his em-  
ployer. "Why so?" "Cause he's get-  
ting well so precious fast."

**An Old Fowl.**—A gentleman attempt-  
ing to carve a fowl, which had been roas-  
ted for his dinner, finding considerable  
difficulty in separating its joints, exclaim-  
ed against the cheat who had sold him an  
old hen for a chicken.—"My dear," said  
the enraged man's wife, "don't talk so  
about the aged and respectable Mr.  
B—; he planted the first hill of corn  
that was planted in C—." "I know  
it," said the husband, "and I should think  
this hen scratched it up."

**Beauty.**—Beauty is as summer fruits,  
which are easy to corrupt and cannot  
last; and, for the most part, it makes a  
dissolute youth, and an age a little out of  
countenance; but yet certainly again,  
if it light well, it maketh virtues shine,  
and vices blush.—Lord Bacon's Essays.

**Economy.**—Forbidding a servant and  
to scour the table.—W. HICKLING.  
ing them—N. Y. 3, 1841. 24-46